There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
Can not pursue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*
To do obseruance to a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongeſt bowe,
By his beſt arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the falſe *Troian* vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou haſt appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnſay.
Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweete aire
More tunable then larke, to ſheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
Sickneſſe is catching: O, were fauour ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweete melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee ſtill.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.

Her. I giue him curſes; yet he giues mee loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection moouē.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.

Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and my ſelfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Liſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradiſe to mee.
O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnfould:
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth beholde
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time, that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuiſ'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beddes, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewell, ſweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander*: we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit* Lyſander.

Hele. How happie ſome, ore otherſome, can be!
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as ſhee.